

A LIBERAL OFFER.

We Guarantee to Relieve Dyspepsia. If We Fail the Medicine Costs Nothing.

To unquestionably prove to the people that indigestion and dyspepsia can be permanently relieved and that Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets will bring about this result, we will furnish the medicine absolutely free if it fails to give satisfaction to any one using it.

The remarkable success of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets is due to the high degree of scientific skill used in devising their formula as well as to the care exercised in their manufacture, whereby the well-known properties of Bismuth-Subnitrate and Pepsin have been combined with Carminatives and other agents.

Bismuth-Subnitrate and Pepsin are constantly employed and recognized by the entire medical profession as invaluable in the treatment of indigestion and dyspepsia.

The Pepsin used in Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets is carefully prepared so as to develop its highest efficiency. Pepsin supplies to the digestive apparatus one of the most important elements of the digestive fluid. Without it the digestion and assimilation of food are impossible.

The Carminatives possess properties which aid in relieving the disturbances and pain caused by undigested food. This combination of these ingredients makes a remedy invaluable for the complete relief of indigestion and dyspepsia.

We are so certain of this that we urge you to try Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets on our own personal guarantee. Three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain Rexall Remedies only at our store—The Rexall Store, Hooper Drug Co., 1307 Main St.

W. H. Graves, of Dighton, Kansas, was here Thursday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. Emma Hart and daughter, Anna, have gone to California where they will spend the winter.

Wm. Bolinger left last week for Ohio for a visit and from there will go to Florida to spend the winter.

Mrs. Martin Weirauch and son, George, left last Friday for their old home at Lewiston, Ill. for a visit.

Mrs. A. M. Herbold and son have been visiting at Coldwater, Kansas, with her daughter, Mrs. Newell Huntling.

About fifty friends of the J. H. Biggs family gave them a farewell surprise Monday evening. All report a fine time. They left Thursday for Hutchinson where they will make their home. We are sorry to see these good people leave but wish them success in their new home.

Miss Helen Wilson has been visiting with friends at Ellinwood.

Richard Glissman and family have moved into their new home on Holland street.

THE GIRL FROM HIS TOWN

Continued from previous page.

CHAPTER VI.

Galorey Seeks Advice.

Blair did not go back at once to Osedene Park. He stopped over in London for a few days to see Joshua Ruggles, and so remarked for the first time the difference between the speech of the old and the new world. Mr. Ruggles spoke broadly, with complete disregard of the frills and adornments of the King's English. He spoke United States of the pure, broad, western brand, and it rang out, it vibrated and swelled and rolled, and Mr. Ruggles didn't care who heard him, nothing of what he had to say was lost.

Old Mr. Blair had left behind him a comrade, and as far as advice could go the old man knew that his Dan would not be bankrupt.

"Advice," Dan Blair senior once said to his boy, "is the kind of thing we want some fellow to give us when we ain't going to do the thing we ought to do, or are a little ashamed of something we have done. It's an awful good way to get cured of asking advice just to do what the fellow tells you to at once."

During Ruggles' stay in London the young fellow looked to it that Ruggles saw the rights, and the two did the principal features of the big town, to the rich enjoyment of the Westerner. Dan took his friend every night to the play, and on the fourth evening Ruggles said: "Let's go to the circus at a yawdville, Dan. I have learned to show by heart!" They had been very night to see "Mandalay."

"Oh, you go on where you like, Josh," the boy answered. "I'm going to see how she looks from the pit."

absorbed, as a man usually is absorbed for one reason only.

In response to a telegram from Osedene Park, Dan motored out there one afternoon, and during his absence Ruggles was surprised at his hotel by a call.

"My dear Mr. Ruggles," Lord Galorey said, for he it was the page boy fetched up, "why don't you come out to see us? All friends of old Mr. Blair's are welcome at Osedene."

Ruggles thanked Galorey and said he was not a visiting man, that he only had a short time in London, and was going to Ireland to look up "his family tree."

"There are one hundred acres of trees in Osedene," laughed Galorey; "you can climb them all." And Ruggles replied:

"I guess I wouldn't find any O'Shaughnessy Ruggles at the top of any of 'em, my lord. The boy has gone out to see you all today."

Galorey nodded. "That is just why I toddled in to see you!"

Ruggles' caller had been shown to the sitting room, where he and Dan hobnobbed and smoked during the Westerner's visit. There was a pile of papers on the table, in one corner a typewriter covered by a black cloth. Galorey took a chair and, refusing a cigarette, lit his pipe.

"I didn't have the pleasure of meeting you in the West when I was out there with Blair. I knew Dan's father rather well."

Ruggles responded: "I knew him rather well, too, for thirty years. If," he went on, "Blair hadn't known you pretty well he wouldn't have sent the boy out to you as he has done. He was keen on every trail. I might say that he had been over every one of 'em like a hound before he set the boy loose."

Galorey answered, "Quite so," gravely. "I know it. I knew it when Dan turned up at Osedene—" Holding his pipe bowl in the palm of his slender hand, he smoked meditatively. He hadn't thought about things, as he had been doing lately, for many years. His sense of honor was the strongest thing in Gordon Galorey, the only thing in him, perhaps, that had been left unsmirched by the touch of the world. He was unquestionably a gentleman.

"Blair, however," he said, "wasn't as keen on this sort as you'd expect. His intuition was wrong."

Ruggles raised his eyebrows slightly.

"I mean to say," Lord Galorey went on, "that he knew me in the West when I had cut loose for a few blessed months from just these things into which he has sent his boy—from what, if I had a son, God knows I'd throw him as far as I could."

"Blair wanted Dan to see the world."

"Of course, that is right enough. We all have to see it, I fancy, but this boy isn't ready to look at it."

"He is twenty-two," Ruggles returned. "When I was his age I was supporting four people."

Galorey went on: "Osedene Park at present isn't the window for Blair's boy to see life through, and that is what I have come up to London to talk to you about, Mr. Ruggles. I should like to have you take him away."

"What's Dan been up to down there?"

"Nothing as yet, but he is in the pocket of a woman—he is in a nest of women."

Ruggles' broad face had not altered its expression of quiet expectation.

"There's a lot of 'em down there," he asked.

"There are two," Galorey said briefly, "and one of them is my wife."

Ruggles turned his cigarette between his great fingers. He was a slow thinker. He had none of old Blair's keenness, but he had other



"That is Just Why I Toddled in to See You."

qualities. Galorey saw that he had not been quite understood, and he waited and then said:

"Lady Galorey is like the rest of modern wives, and I am like a lot of modern husbands. We each go our own way. My way is a worthless one, God knows I don't stand up for it, but it is not my wife's way in any sense of the word."

"Does she want Dan to go along on her road?" Ruggles asked. "And how far?"

"We are financially strapped just now," said Galorey calmly, "and she has got money from the boy." He didn't remove his pipe from his mouth; still holding it between his teeth he put his hand in his pocket, took out his wallet, drew forth four checks and laid them down before Ruggles. "It is quite a sum," Galorey noted, "sufficient to do a lot of Osedene Park in the way of needed repairs." Ruggles had never seen a smile such as curved his companion's

lips. "But Osedene Park will have to be repaired by money from some other source."

Ruggles wondered how the husband had got hold of the checks, but he didn't ask and he did not look at the papers.

"When Dan came to the Park," said Galorey, "I stopped bridge playing, but this more than takes its place!"

Ruggles' big hand went slowly toward the checks; he touched them with his fingers and said: "Is Dan in love with your wife?"

And Lord Galorey laughed and said: "Lord no, my dear man, not even that! It is pure good nature on his part—mere prodigality. Edith appealed to him, that's all."

Relief crossed Ruggles' face. He understood in a flash the worldly appeal to the rich young man and believed the story the husband told him.

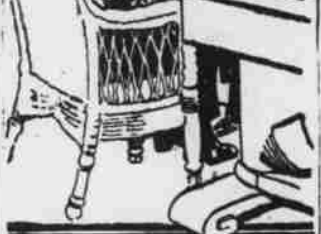
"Have you spoken to the boy?"

"My dear chap, I have spoken to him about nothing. I preferred to come to you."

"You said," Ruggles continued, "there were two ladies down to your place."

Galorey had refilled his pipe and held it as before in the palm of his hand.

"I can look after the affairs of my wife, and this shan't happen again, I promise you—not at Osedene, but I'm afraid I can not do much in the other



"She is Aiming at Ten Million Pounds."

case. The Duchess of Breakwater has been at Osedene for nearly three weeks, and Dan is in love with her."

Ruggles put the four checks one on top of the other.

"Is the lady a widow?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"So that's the nest Dan has got into at Osedene," the Westerner said. And Galorey answered: "That is the nest."

"And he has gone out there today—got a wire this morning."

"The duchess has been in an awful funk," said Galorey, "because Dan's been stopping in London so long. She sent him a message, and as soon as Dan wired back that he was coming to the Park, I decided to come here and see you."

Ruggles ruminated: "Has the duchess complications financially?"

"Ra-her!" the other answered. And Ruggles turned his broad, honest face full on Galorey: "Do you think she could be bought off?"

Galorey took his pipe out of his mouth.

"It depends on how far Dan has gone on with her. To be frank with you, Mr. Ruggles, it is a case of emotion on the part of the woman. She is really in love with Dan. Gad!" exclaimed the nobleman. "I have been on the point of turning the whole brood out of doors these last days. It was like imprisoning a mountain breeze in a chamber house—a woman with her scars and her experience and that boy—I don't know where you've kept him or how you kept him as he is, but he is as clear as water. I have talked to him and I know."

Nothing in Ruggles' expression had changed until now. His eyes glowed.

"Dan's all right," he said softly. "Don't you worry! He's all right. I guess his father knew what he was doing, and I'll bet the whole thing was just what he sent him over here for! Old Dan Blair wasn't worth a copper when the boy was born, and yet he had ideas about everything and he seemed to know more in that old gray head of his than a whole library of books. Dan's all right."

"My dear man," said the nobleman, "that is just where you Americans are wrong. You comfort yourself with your eternal 'Dan's all right,' and you won't see the truth. You won't breathe the word 'scandal' and yet you are thick enough in them, God knows. You won't admit them, but they are there. Now be honest and look at the truth, will you? You are a man of common sense. Dan Blair is not all right. He is in an infernally dangerous position. The Duchess of Breakwater will marry him. It is what she has wanted to do for years, but she has not found a man rich enough, and she will marry this boy offhand."

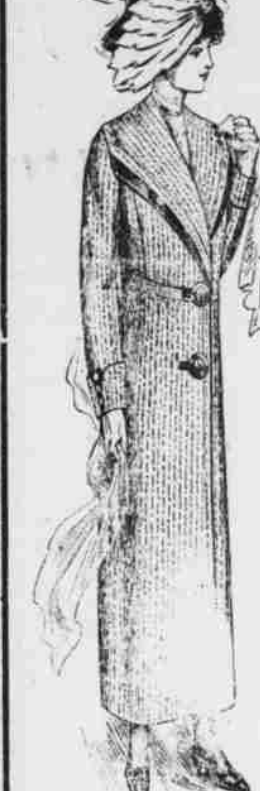
"Well," said the Westerner slowly, "if he loves her and if he marries her—"

"Marries her!" exclaimed the nobleman. "There you are again! Do you think marriage makes it any better? Why, if she went off to the Continent with him for six weeks and then set him free, that would be preferable to marrying her. My dear man," he said, leaning over the table where Ruggles sat, "if I had a boy I would rather have him marry Letty Lane of the Gaiety. Now you know what I mean."

Ruggles' face, which had hardened, relaxed.

THE EXCLUSIVE LADIES STORE

Big Display of Ladies and Misses Coats for this Week



Our showing of coats for this week will be larger than ever before; NOVELTIES, PLAIN COLORS, PLUSHES AND CARACULES, every variety will have a very extensive display.

NOW IS THE TIME to select your winter garments; a little later the line of sizes will be broken and the assortment not nearly so complete.

One Lot of coats in Browns, Greens, Dark Blues and Novelty Cloths, made up with large collars and cuffs now on sale at **\$5.95**

One Lot of Ladies Coats, in the new Novelty Mixtures in either the plain or novelty style now on sale at **\$7.50**

One Lot of Ladies Coats, in Novelties, Broadcloths and Caracules, extra heavy weight and a variety of styles, now on sale at from **9.00 to 15.00**

A large line of child's coats in Plushes, Caracules, Novelty Cloths etc., sizes from 2 to 14 years, all styles, priced from **\$2.75 to \$12.50.**

OTHER PRICES UP TO \$40.00

House Dresses. A large line of ladies house dresses just received, gingham, percales, etc. very neatly trimmed. Prices from 1.00 to 2.00.

The Lischsky Dry Goods Co. Successor to Bolinger Great Bend Kansas

Creme Dressing Sacks. An excellent assortment of ladies dressing sacks made of Serpentine Crepe. all sizes and colors. now on sale at 1.25

"I have seen that lady," he exclaimed with satisfaction; "I have seen her several times."

Galorey sank back into his chair and neither man spoke for a few seconds. Turning it all over in his slow mind, Ruggles remembered Dan's absorption in the last few days. "So there are three women in the nest," he concluded thoughtfully, and Gordon Galorey repeated:

"No, not three. What do you mean?"

"Your wife"—Ruggles held up one finger and Galorey interrupted him to murmur:

"I'll take care of Edith."

"The Duchess of Breakwater you think won't talk of money?"

"No, don't count on it. She is aiming at ten million pounds."

Ruggles was holding up his second finger.

"Well, I guess Dan has gone out to take care of her today."

Dan and Ruggles had seen "Mandalay" from a box, from the pit and from the stalls. On the table lay a book of the opera. While talking with Galorey, Ruggles had unconsciously arranged the checks on top of the Libretto of "Mandalay."

"I'll take care of Miss Lane," Ruggles said at length.

His lordship echoed, "Miss Lane!" and looked up in surprise. "What Miss Lane, for God's sake?"

"Miss Letty Lane at the Gaiety," Ruggles answered.

"Why, she isn't in the question, my dear man."

"You put her there just now your self."

"Bosh!" Galorey exclaimed impatiently. "I spoke of her as being the limit, the last thing on the line."

"No," corrected the other, "you put the Duchess of Breakwater as the limit."

Galorey smiled frankly. "You are right, my dear chap," he accepted, "and I stand by it."

A page boy knocked at the door and came in holding out on a silver card for Mr. Ruggles, and at the interruption Galorey rose and invited Ruggles to go out with him that night to Osedene. "Lady Galorey will be delighted."

But Ruggles shook his head. "The

PAWNEE ROCK.

From The Herald.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nelson Tuesday morning.

A 10 pound daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Beck this afternoon.

Mrs. Sarah Walker arrived Sunday from McOcracken, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Ed Devine and family.

boy is coming back here tonight," and Galorey laughed.

"Don't you believe it! You don't know how deep in he is. You don't know the Duchess of Breakwater. Once he is with her—"

At the same time that the page boy handed Mr. Ruggles the card of the caller, he gave him as well a small envelope, which contained box tickets for the Gaiety. Ruggles examined it.

"I have got some writing to do," he told Galorey, "and I'm going to see a show tonight, and I think I'll just stay here and watch my hole."

As soon as Galorey had left the Carlton, Mr. Ruggles despatched his letters and his visitor, made a very careful toilet, and after waiting until past eight o'clock for Dan to return to dinner, dined alone on roast beef and a tart, and with perfect digestion, if somewhat thoughtful mind, left the hotel and walked down the dim street to the brilliant Strand, and on foot to the Gaiety.

To be continued.

she will go to Cherokee, Iowa, where she will visit.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Smith are up from reensburg visiting friends and relatives.

Earl Smith and family were up from Great Bend Sunday, visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Morrison went to Great Bend Saturday. They returned home Monday.

Mrs. S. H. King and children returned yesterday from Anthony where they have been visiting for some time.

John Boese, formerly of near Dundee, who moved to Oregon last year, was here last week visiting and looking after business.

Mrs. W. H. Wood returned home Monday morning from Blue Rapids, Kansas, where she has been with her sister, who has been very ill.

Misses Lucy Ross, Gertrude Arnold and Glen McDougal and Ollie Cooper spent the day Sunday at Burdette, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Base returned to their home in Battle Creek Mich., Wednesday, after spending a week or so in this neighborhood visiting old friends and relatives. They were formerly residents of this county.

Joe Bowman left Monday night for Kansas City, where he will work this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam P. Smith entertained several young folks at their home northwest of town Wednesday evening, in honor of relatives, who are here from Newton visiting. All present report having a very enjoyable time.

Mrs. Katherine Brady died at her home east of town Tuesday afternoon October 19th of Dilation of the heart

after suffering for some time, aged 77 years and 8 months. Funeral services were held at the Christian church Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Franklin, and the remains were laid to rest by the side of those of her husband, in the Pawnee Rock cemetery.

Harry Hanes left Wednesday morning for Waterloo, Ind., where he will join Mrs. Hanes and children, and will make that their future home. Their many friends here regret seeing them leave, and their best wishes go with them.

W. H. Bowman left Monday for Annapolis, Ill., and other eastern points, where he will visit relatives and old friends for some time. He was joined in Kansas City by his sons, Earl and John, who have been there the past week attending the carnival.

A large crowd of people from here attended the K. of C. picnic at Ellinwood last Thursday. Most of the features of the entertainment had to be omitted on account of the heavy rain but a fine time is reported by those who attended. The people were so glad to see the rain that they enjoyed themselves in spite of the weather.

Harry Abbott left last Saturday for Burbank, Fla., where he expects to make his home.

Harry Grovier returned Sunday from Kansas City where he has been visiting friends for a couple of weeks.

Miss Nellie Johnson returned Monday morning from a few days visit at Wichita.

Mrs. E. A. Hammond and daughters Sara, Grace, and Mrs. Claude Baricklow and son, Maurice, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. K. McMullen and family at Ellinwood, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Caraway was visiting with friends in Hutchinson Saturday.

H. M. Penton of Quincy, Ill., was here on business Saturday.

Mrs. Fred Sieverling and son are visiting relatives at Burdette.

Miss Cella Ward has returned to her home at Muskogee, Okla., after a pleasant visit here with her cousin, Miss Angie Lobdell.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clayton of the 4th Ward, Thursday, the 12th, a fine girl.

Mrs. Willis Howerton is in Wichita visiting her son, Harry Engle, and daughter.

Mrs. Frank Dell left Sunday for Kansas City where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nimocks and Mrs. Nimocks' mother, Mrs. Joe. Culberts, have been here from Scandia for a visit with relatives.